

We Lifted Up Our Voices Like a Trumpet: Millerites in Portland, Maine

by Frederick Hoyt

On December 1, 1843, the editor of the *American*, a newspaper in Portland, Maine, noted that the Millerites were meeting in Beethoven Hall, “and probably will continue to do so until March, 1844.” He was wrong. Millerites, no longer welcome in their own churches, rented Beethoven Hall for more than two years, both before and after the Great Disappointment of 1844.

Reentering those gatherings in Beethoven Hall, through vivid contemporary accounts, helps us to recapture the atmosphere of our beginnings as an Adventist community. We sense more fully the fervor in Portland that led some Millerites, even after the Great Disappointment, to gather in nearby counties of Maine—Millerites such as a teenager from Portland named Ellen Harmon, her friend in his twenties called James White, and an older acquaintance named Israel Dammon.*

It is not known when Mr. Gilbert erected a brick building on Congress Street whose upper floor came to be known as Beethoven Hall. The Beethoven Society of Portland was organized in 1819, “the first musical society in America to bear the name of the great composer.” Perhaps it was then that the hall was named. Although the society gave its final concert in 1826, the hall retained its name.

“The large roof gave an arched ceiling of considerable height,” one Portland resident later re-

called, “and the acoustic properties of the hall were considered excellent.”¹ In April 1838, the Portland Sacred Music Society presented a varied concert for 50 cents that included selections from Mozart, Handel, and others, concluding with the “Grand Hallelujah Chorus” from the “Messiah.”² A few years later the hallelujahs from Handel’s glorious chorus were replaced by the hallelujahs, glories, and amens of assembled Millerites.

Fun for the Boys

When William Miller came to Portland a schism developed in some churches. According to one later account, “quite a number of members leaving, who subsequently held meetings in Beethoven Hall, which was in the third story of a building on the eastern side of Congress street, near the head of Center street, on the corner of which was David Robin’s confectionary and ice cream establishment.” The anonymous author added, “I frequently attended for there was a good deal of fun for the boys.”

Although city marshall Sweat became a convert, “and was a constant attendant at the meeting . . . even his presence did not deter the scoffers from getting in considerable of their wicked words.” Notably, a “ferocious wolf” introduced among the sheep:

At that time Mr. Samuel Boothby kept a hat, cap and fur store in a two story wooden building on Middle street, just below the head of Cross street, and from a second

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story window projected a long board upon which Mr. Boothby had mounted a large stuffed wolf. One Sunday evening by some mysterious method or otherwise this wolf became transferred from Mr. Boothby's store to the narrow entry leading into Beethoven Hall and stood facing the inner door. There might possibly have been other wolves, though in sheep's clothing, on the other side of the door. Then some wicked wretch on those long narrow stairs cried "fire."

There was a rush in the hall for the door, and when opened, there stood the ferocious wolf. "Heaven save us! the last hour has come," were the ejaculations of the faithful. Even the city marshall felt a cold sweat running over him, but James Stevens, in whose composition fear was unknown, seized the beast by the ears and with a number of Cross street boys who were generally ubiquitous and whose valor never quailed before a dead cat or a stuffed wolf, cleared the passage, and Mr. Boothby's sign was relegated to a vacant corner in the entry, and the services in the hall were once again resumed.

Although "the perpetrators of this wolfish performance" were never discovered, and the question of "how Mr. Boothby's wolf came to attend the Millerite meeting" was never answered, "The next day the ferocious looking animal was restored to his former elevated and legitimate position."

The author's recollections included a mysterious and unfortunately unnamed stranger who attended these meetings in Beethoven Hall:

I remember a man who had appeared at the meetings, a stranger, who carried a large bundle of manuscript under his arm. He was a very fair talker and quite gifted in prayer, but his views were not in harmony with the Millerite prescription, so he was accused of disturbing the meeting and was arrested and imprisoned for a short time. The man was partially insane, but in that respect I think he could hold his own with some of the believers who participated in the exercises. As soon as released from jail he was again present at the meetings, exhorting and praying for the forgiveness of his persecutors. He was undoubtedly a Christian gentlemen, and even with his idiosyncrasy would have been a welcome attendant at many a prayer meeting.

But the speaker at Beethoven Hall who drew the attention of

we boys most was a large Negro preacher who arrived and who frequently related a vision he had [undoubtedly a reference to William Foy; he will be discussed later in this article]. He was clothed in a white robe which made his appearance most comical; after every few sentences, he would roll up his eyes (and such eyes and such a mouth) and exclaim, "I looked, and

behold, and lo, as it were."

It was a most wonderful dream and he received a great many "amens" from the brethren. That darky's eyes and mouth would have won him a fortune in any fashionable Negro minstrel troupe.³

"Heaven and Earth Seemed to Approach Each Other"

One of the regulars at these meetings in Beethoven Hall was Ellen Harmon, a young Millerite convert who was then sixteen or thereabouts, the daughter of a Portland hatter and exhorter in the Methodist church until he and his family were disfellowshipped for certain irregularities of belief and practice related to their adherence to Millerism. Her recollections of these meetings were vivid and detailed, although in some respects they differed markedly from those of nonbelievers.

"Meetings of the Adventists were held at this time [1843] in Beethoven Hall," Ellen White wrote some years later in 1876. "My father, with his family, attended them regularly, for we greatly prized the privilege of hearing the doctrine of Christ's personal and soon appearing upon earth."⁴

Ellen recalled that "notwithstanding the opposition of ministers and churches Beethoven Hall, in the city of Portland, was nightly crowded, and especially was there a large congregation on Sundays." "All classes flocked to the meetings at Beethoven Hall," she added.

Rich and poor, high and low, ministers and laymen were all, from various causes, anxious to hear for themselves the doctrine of the second advent. The crowd was such that fears were expressed that the floor might give way beneath its heavy load; but the builder, upon being consulted, quieted such apprehensions and established confidence in regard to the strength of the building.

Many came who, finding no room to stand, went away disappointed. . .

Not Ellen. She always made sure she had a place.

I always sat right close to the stand. I know what I sat

there fore now. It hurt me to breathe, and with the breaths all around me. I knew I could breathe easier right by the stand, so I always took my station.⁵

She explained the usual order of the services:

The order of the meetings was simple; usually a short and pointed discourse was given, then liberty was granted for general exhortation. There was usually the most perfect stillness possible for so large a crowd. The Lord held the spirit of opposition in check, while his servants explained the reasons of their faith.

Sometimes the instrument was feeble but the Spirit of God gave weight and power to his truth. The presence of the holy angels was felt in the assembly, and numbers were daily being added to the little band of believers.

Quite naturally she vividly recalled particularly dramatic meetings as she observed events from her customary front-row seat:

On one occasion, while Elder Stockman was preaching, Elder Brown, a Christian Baptist minister. . . was sitting in the desk listening to the sermon with intense interest. He became deeply moved, suddenly his countenance grew pale as the dead, he reeled in his chair, and Elder Stockman caught him in his arms just as he was falling to the floor, and laid him on the sofa behind the desk, where he lay powerless until the discourse was finished.

He then arose, his face still pale, but shining with light from the Son of righteousness, and gave a very impressive testimony. He seemed to receive holy unction from above. He was usually slow of speech, with a solemn manner, entirely free from excitement. But on this occasion, his solemn, measured words carried with them a new power. . .

. . . After he finished speaking, those who desired the prayers of the people of God were invited to rise. Hundreds responded to the call. . .⁶

A later, sometimes disjointed narrative, contains other fascinating details concerning this particular meeting in Beethoven Hall.

We used to have some very powerful meetings. But it is not all out there, and I don't know as there is any need of putting it out.

Eld. Stockman was preaching, and he was dying with the consumption. He talked as though inspired by the Holy Spirit, feeble as he was. I always sat on the front seat next to the stand, and as I heard a noise like a groan, I saw that Eld. Brown was as white as human flesh could be, and he was falling out of his chair. I suppose my interested look to him called the attention of Stockman and he looked around, and he was ready to fall on the floor. He turned around, and said, "Excuse me," and took him in his arms, and laid him down on the lounge. He [apparently Brown] was one that did not believe in

these things [apparently holy prostration by the Spirit], and he had a taste of it right there. The power of the truth came upon him so. . . . We had a great deal of this [apparently holy prostration], but we never can tell it.⁷

Another recollection was also striking and particularly appropriate for a seaport such as Portland:

The sea-captain who had been recently converted, sprang to his feet with tears raining down his cheeks. He was unable to express his feelings in words, and stood for a moment the picture of mute thanksgiving; then he involuntarily raised his hat, and swung it above his head with the free movement of an old sailor, and in the abandonment of his joy, shouted, "Hurrah for God! I've enlisted in his crew, he is my captain! Hurrah for Jesus Christ!" He sat down overpowered by the intensity of his emotions, his face glowing with the radiance of love and peace.

His singular testimony, so characteristic of the bluff mariner, was not received with laughter, for the Spirit of God that animated the speaker lent his extraordinary words a strange solemnity that was felt through all that dense crowd.

Others gave their testimonies, including a Brother Abbot whose voice "rung through the hall in notes of warning to the world. . . in sacred

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silence that vast crowd listened to his stirring words." Ellen Harmon felt that "The Holy Spirit rested upon the assembly. Heaven and earth seemed to approach each other."

"The meeting lasted until a late hour of the night," she recalled. "The power of the Lord was felt upon young, old, and middle aged. Some Methodists and Baptists who were present seemed to fully unite with the spirit of the meeting." "No one who attended these meetings," she was convinced, "can ever forget those scenes of deepest interest."⁸

Obviously the meetings remained extremely vivid in her memory more than 40 years after the event she was recollecting. "I remember in the

Beethoven Hall in Portland, Maine, those who were looking for Christ's coming met there to preach the second advent," Ellen White wrote on September 18, 1885, from Basel, Switzerland, in a letter to Elder George I. Butler, president of the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists. She recalled that on one occasion the hall was crowded, and that "No less than eight ministers were present, who were in opposition to the message given." Then when a certain Brother Edmunds rose to speak, the young Ellen Harmon was so impressed that more than 40 years later she could still remember his exact words, although his intent is unclear:

We have a message from the Lord to the people, but when we proclaim it, lifting up our voices like a trumpet, to show the people their transgressions, and the house of Israel their sins, the ministers are offended, and say "You are abusing me."⁹

In an interview on August 13, 1906, Ellen G. White recalled hearing William Foy preach in

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Beethoven Hall. In response to the question, "Then you attended the lectures that Mr. Foy gave?" she replied: "He came to give it right to the hall, in the great hall where we attended, Beethoven Hall." Later she went with her father in a sleigh "over to Cape Elizabeth to hear him lecture." At that time Foy's home was apparently "near the bridge" on the way to Cape Elizabeth, which is near Portland. She described Foy as "a very tall man, slightly colored. But it was remarkable testimonies that he bore."

The animated nature of Foy's public deliveries, which amused some of Portland's irreverent boys at Beethoven Hall, can be sensed from her vivid description of his conduct at a subsequent meeting when Ellen had been appointed to speak (the chronology is extremely difficult to determine in this important document):

I did not know at first that he was there. While I was talking I heard a shout, and He is a great tall man, and the roof was rather low, and he jumped right up and down, and O he praised the Lord, praised the Lord, it was just what he had seen, just what he had seen, [an obvious reference to the vision that she had just related that paralleled what Foy had been shown earlier and which he had repeatedly related at public meetings in Beethoven Hall].

She concludes sadly: "But they extolled him so I think it hurt him, and I do not know what became of him."¹⁰

"The Visible Presence of Sincerity Was There"

M. F. Whittier, the younger brother of the Quaker poet John Greenleaf Whittier and a resident of Portland, visited a Millerite meeting in Beethoven Hall during September 1844. The *Portland Transcript* published his detailed account of the experience.¹¹ Although his words reveal a bias against Father Miller and his disciples, the famous poet's brother possessed keen ears, sharp eyes, and a facile pen.

Whittier visited Beethoven Hall soon after the *Midnight Cry* began ("this fearful tocsin," as he described it) when, "From every hill and valley of New England the startling cry went forth—'BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH!!!"

Whittier climbed up the dark and dirty stairs and into crowded Beethoven Hall to observe the colorful scene:

Shortly after the seventh month alarm had been sounded, we attended a meeting of the believers at Beethoven Hall. With considerable difficulty, on account of the crowd, we ascended the two flights of dark and dirty stairs, and with still greater difficulty elbowed our way into the hall. A motley crowd of all sizes, shapes, conditions and collors filled the hall and its galleries. On a few of the numerous faces that surrounded us sat the sneer of the scoffer, but far the larger portion bore the impress of anxiety, and by their looks seemed to ask, "are these things so?" Clustered around a rude rostrum were the elect; most of them were in a kneeling posture, their hands clasped on their breasts and their eyes strained heavenward as though they already beheld a glimpse of the attendant glory of their coming Lord. A venerable gray haired man was engaged in vocal prayer when we

entered, but concluded soon after, his finishing "Amen" being repeated by the whole circle in all the various tones, from the silvery accent of the blushing maiden, and the shrill snarl of the ancient crone, to the deep guttural of some hoarse male devotee.

Then our guide vividly describes the heart of the service, a Millerite "Exhortation," which may partly reveal why the Midnight Cry was so effective (and which contains a striking maritime figure of speech by Whittier):

A pale, cadaverous, wild looking man then stood up in the desk and delivered the most terrefic exhortation that we ever listened to. Unlike other lecturers, he did not wait to warm up with his subject gradually, but bounded at once into the full terror of his terrible discourse; strongly reminding us of a steamer (the ill-fated Erie) which we once saw leave the harbor of Ashtubula:—Having, while lying at the wharf, raised her steam to the highest endurable point, when cast off, like an arrow from the bow, she struck at one bound into her fearful speed. So it was with this speaker: His escape valves seemed to have been fastened down, and the steam suffered to generate during the whole time of the long prayer, and when it was concluded he let on the whole head.

What followed clearly would rank with the best hell-fire sermons ever preached since "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God" by Jonathan Edwards. The text chosen by this "pale, cadaverous, wild looking man" was Malachi 4:1:

"For behold the day cometh, that shall burn as an oven; and the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble; and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of Hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch."

Shouting this truly awful text at the very top of a most sonorous voice, this wild herald of the "Advent near" proceeded to draw a most horrible picture of the consummation of time.

"In a few days," said he, "and suddenly as the lightning leapeth from the clouds, the Judge of all the earth will burst upon our vision. To you, my brothers and sisters, who are of the light, this will be the fruition of all your hopes.—You will be clothed with white robes—you will have crowns and harps of gold—you will be caught up and be forever with your Lord. But you, God-abandoned, Hell-deserving sinners, who now hold yourselves up stoutly against the Lord, where, Oh where! will you appear when the great white throne is set in the heavens and the books are opened? O! you may scoff and mock at God's people, but your time is short. God will avenge his people. In a few days we shall see you flying and calling on the mountains and rocks to fall on and hide you from the terrible presence of the Lamb. A few more rolling suns and we shall see you burning in

unquenchable fire! And your pain will be enhanced by seeing us, who believe, sitting with the saints in glory.—And you must not think we will aid you;—Oh no! we shall be witnesses against you. The day of grace is past—the door of mercy is even now closed forever—you cannot repent if you would—you must burn—burn forever!"

Not only was this impassioned preacher's text "truly awful," in Whittier's words, but if the words of his sermon are accurately reported, his theology was also truly hellish: since "the door of mercy [was] even now closed forever," those in the audience who had not already accepted Adventism and become "children of light" were hopelessly doomed to "burn—burn forever!" All Americans were familiar with hell-fire sermons but such routine exhortations had had a merciful purpose: to induce sinners to repent and thus avoid the eternal-burning fires of hell. This "vindictive 'Son of Thunder'" (as Whittier labeled him) declared justice and judgment without a tincture of mercy or hope. The door of God's

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mercy was now forever shut to all who had rejected Millerism.

When "this wild herald of the 'Advent near'" had concluded (or perhaps exhausted himself) the mood softened, at least momentarily, as a young lady of about 16 (regretably not named) related her "sort of vision" (Whittier later noted that among Portland's "children of light," as they described themselves, "nothing was more common than visions"). But unfortunately she was soon exulting over her favored position and the coming horrors that awaited those who had rejected Father Miller's message:

No sooner had this vindictive "Son of Thunder" ceased, than he was succeeded by a pretty miss of "sweet sixteen," or thereabouts, who, commencing in a very low, soft voice, gradually rose to the most pericing treble, as she descanted upon a sort of vision she had had the night before, in which she had seen the awful scenes

of the judgment enacted. She was rather pretty and had a very benevolent and mild cast of countenance, which contrasted strangely with the fiendish exultation with which she described the coming agonies of her unbelieving friends and acquaintances.

As he looked about the crowded and dramatically decorated hall and allowed the sights and sounds to have their impact upon him, Whittier was "almost persuaded":

Around the hall hung pictures of strange uncouth animals, supposed to be the representation of those seen by Daniel and by St. John at Patmos. These horrible figures, the awful visions and denunciations of the speakers, did, we confess, produce an effect upon our mind—and we said to ourself, is this nothing but delusion? Is it possible that the long drama of time is about to close? As we looked upon the earnest countenances of the worshipers we could not for a moment doubt that they believed their doctrine true.

But it was the final hymn, it appears, that came close to cracking Whittier's hard shell of unbelief and skepticism:

And as we looked, the whole band commenced singing to a most dismal, dirge-like air, the "Judgment Hymn"—

"So He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Twice ten thousand saints attending,
swell the triumphs of his train."

The singers all stood with folded arms and raised eyes, and down the fair cheeks of beauty and deeply furrowed face of age, tears rolled freely. We could not—we did not doubt that, though the spirit of Truth might be absent, the visible presence of Sincerity was there!

The total impact had been profound; but after leaving Beethoven Hall a beneficent Nature, as he put it, soon worked her marvelous healing on Whittier:

We left the Hall, bearing with us, we acknowledge, something of the gloomy Terror which pervaded it. But when we reached the outside, and felt the cool bracing air, and saw the bright sunlight of a cloudless September day, we convalesced rapidly. The strong old ocean sent up its untiring waves to the rugged shores of Cape Elizabeth calmly and regularly, and its deep, solemn tones fell gratefully upon our ears, subduing and driving out the morbid fancies imbibed in the hall. To effect a perfect cure we walked round the Western Promenade, and the glorious prospect—glowing waters, variegated forest, frowning rocks, etc.—all bathed in the mellow light of an Autumnal sunset, cured us entirely. All Nature around us seemed so rejoicing and decked in such gala garb;—and the "White Hills," in the distance, lifted up their hoary heads so proudly, that we could not cherish for a moment the idea that in a few days the Creator would destroy the beautiful and sublime which

his own mind had conceived and his own hands made.

After such an overpowering transformation worked by the impressive vista of Portland's beautiful setting, Whittier was suddenly prepared to challenge the Millerites:

We felt so light and joyous and so confident in the Goodness of Providence, that we wished Father Miller and all his disciples had been there—that surrounded by such powerful aids, we might argue the matter with them. We felt sort of Apostolic, and had strong faith that if they would only "come on," single-handed, we could convert them from the error of their ways.

It is obvious that Whittier was moved by the threats of forever "burning in unquenchable fire" unless he joined the "children of light." Yet he, and everyone else in Beethoven Hall that autumnal day in 1844, escaped from those fires.

"I Know In Whom I Have Believed"

A month later, on October 15, 1844, the editor of the *Eastern Argus* newspaper in Portland reported that,

"Sunday last [October 13, the "new day... for the end of the world"]... Beethoven Hall... was pretty full to hear and see what was going on. But the sun rose and set as usual—and the end was not yet. We learn that the 22nd, inst. is now fixed upon."

On the climactic October 22, 1844, the rival American newspaper announced that "we are informed that meetings will be held through the day at Beethoven Hall, where the believers will wait for the ascension." He labeled it "an amiable kind of delusion, although we fear its effects upon weak heads will prove disastrous." A warning was added: "Curiosity will induce many to visit the hall to-day, but we hope that the strictest silence and respect will be manifested by all."

A few days after the Great Disappointment, the *Eastern Argus* assured residents of Portland that "we understand our Miller Brethren, of this city, relinquished Beethoven Hall, a few days since, presuming they should have no further use for it.—So we think." As before, the newspapers were premature. Beethoven Hall was the locale

for not only the ecstasy of 1843 and 1844 but also the agony of 1845.

Seven months after the Great Disappointment, William Miller and Joshua V. Himes preached in Beethoven Hall on Sunday, June 1, 1845. Two days later the *Portland Advertiser* noted the sharp opposition of Miller and Himes to "fanaticism" which had spread among Maine Millerites:

PARSON MILLER and J. V. HIMES of the "Signs of the Times" newspaper, were here on Sunday, and preached to the Second Adventists at Beethoven Hall. They stated, we understand, that they were, and always had been, opposed to the principle of "doing no work in order to give more attention to the concerns of religion"—that the man that will not work should not be allowed to eat; and the Parson related several instances, wherein at his own table, he had enforced this latter principle, with his no-work visitors. He stated that he had been accused of many principles and practices of which he was not guilty—and that he was opposed to fanaticism in every shape.

We understand that a set of rowdies got round the door

of the Hall in the evening, and disturbed the meeting.

Himes returned to Portland a month later on Sunday, August 10, 1845, to speak "to an audience of his friends and the believers of the speedy coming of Christ." The *Eastern Argus* for August 13, 1845, reported that "He is still firm in the faith that the 'end is near.' " But they were now meeting in Clark's Hall rather than in Beethoven Hall.

Beethoven Hall endured another 20 years until in 1866, along with most of Portland, it was destroyed by a conflagration caused by a careless fireworks celebration of the Glorious Fourth.¹²

When Ellen White died on July 16, 1915, more than 70 years later and across the continent in California, she very well may have been the last survivor of those who had met in Beethoven Hall during those fateful days of 1844. To the end she continued to believe that within "a few days" the "consummation of time" would occur. Her last words were "I know in whom I have believed."¹³

NOTES AND REFERENCES

* [In an effort to preserve the historical authenticity of the extensive quotations taken from original manuscripts we have chosen to let all unique spelling and diction stand without the editorial intrusion of the use of "sic."—The Editors]

1. Letter to the author, February 21, 1986, from Edith H. McCauley, Special Collections Librarian, Portland Public Library, citing George Thornton Edwards, *Music and Musicians of Maine* (Portland: Southworth Press, 1928); and letter to the author, February 18, 1986, from Stephen Trent Seames, Manuscripts Assistant, Maine Historical Society, Portland, Maine, enclosing a copy of an undated news clipping from the *Boston Post*.

2. Portland, Maine, *Advertiser*, April 10, 1838.

3. Undated clipping from the *Boston Post* in "Post Scrapbook," vol. 4, page 106, Maine Historical Society.

4. "Mrs. Ellen G. White. Her Life, Christian Experience, and Labors," *Signs of the Times*, vol. 2, No. 14 (March 9, 1876); reprinted in *Ellen G. White Signs of the Times Articles* (1874-1885) (Mountain View, CA: Pacific Press Publishing Assn., n.d.), vol. 1, p. 29. Ellen Gould Harmon had married Elder James White in Portland, Maine, on August 30, 1846.

5. "INTERVIEW WITH MRS. E. G. WHITE, RE EARLY EXPERIENCES," August 13, 1906, Document File 733c, Ellen G. White Estate, Takoma Park, Washington, D.C.

6. "Mrs. Ellen G. White. Her Life, Christian Experience, and Labors," *Signs of the Times*, vol. 2, No. 16 (March 23, 1876); reprinted in *Ellen G. White Signs of the Times Articles*, (1874-1885) (Mountain View, CA: Pacific Press Publishing Assn., n.d.), vol. 1, p. 30.

7. "INTERVIEW WITH MRS. E. G. WHITE, RE EARLY EXPERIENCES," August 13, 1906, DF 733c, White Estate.

8. "Mrs. Ellen G. White. Her Life, Christian Experience, and Labors," *Signs of the Times*, vol. 2, No. 16 (March 23, 1876); reprinted in *Ellen G. White Signs of the Times Articles* (1874-1885) (Mountain View, CA: Pacific Press Publishing Assn., n.d.), vol. 1, p. 30. Other briefer versions by Ellen White concerning these experiences can be found in *Life Sketches of Ellen G. White* (Mountain View, CA: Pacific Press Publishing Assn., 1915), pp. 47, 55, 56; *Christian Experience and Teachings of Ellen G. White* (Mountain View, CA: Pacific Press Publishing Assn., 1922), pp. 38, 45-47; *Testimonies for the Church* (Mountain View, CA: Pacific Press Publishing Assn., 1945), vol. 1, pp. 38, 48-51.

9. Letter B-23-1885, p. 19, White Estate.

10. DF 733c, White Estate.

11. *Portland Transcript*, November 1, 1945, pp. 228, 229. M. F. Whittier was undoubtedly Matthew Franklin Whittier, the younger brother of John Greenleaf Whittier, the Quaker poet. "Like his brother, 'Frank' Whittier had a

literary flair. He lived for a number of years in Portland, Maine, and contributed to the *Portland Transcript*, under the pen name of 'Ethan Spike,' a series of letters which had something of the humor and point of view of J. R. Lowell." —John A. Pollard, *John Greenleaf Whittier: Friend of Man* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1949), p. 530. "Matthew Franklin, the younger brother born in 1812, spent his middle years in Portland, Maine, and then removed to Boston, where he held a customs house appointment until his death in 1883." —Whitman Bennett, *Whittier: Bard of Freedom* (Chapel Hill, NC: University of North Carolina Press, 1941), p. 8. He apparently moved from Portland to Boston about 1870. —Samuel T. Pickard, *Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier*, (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1894),

vol. 1, pp. 31, 32.

12. Records available in the Portland Room of the Portland Public Library and at the Maine Historical Society in Portland do not provide information concerning the fate of Mr. Gilbert's building, which housed Beethoven Hall, relative to the great fire of 1866. —McCauley and Seames letter to the author.

The absence of newspaper references to the building and the hall in the years following the fire indicates that it was either destroyed or so seriously damaged as to be unusable for public meetings thereafter.

13. Arthur L. White, *Ellen G. White, The Later Elmhaven Years, 1905-1915* (Washington, DC: Review and Herald Publishing Assn., 1982), vol. 6, p. 431.